

Will. Under Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanfon* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanfon*, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be desir'd in the hearts of his Subjects: I would faine see the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find himselfe agreed at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

King. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my deare friend, and please you.

King. Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*, Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour, May haply purchase him a box a'th' eare. It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick*: If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word; Some sodaine mischief may arise of it: For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder, And quickly will returne an iniurie.

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke he be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will giue Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alanfon*.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, heere is, prayd be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestic.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which

your Maiestic is take out of the Helme of *Alanfon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue becom good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestic heere now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowfie, and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanfon*, that your Maiestic is giue me, in your Conscience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;

Looke, heere is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promis'd'st to strike,

And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maiestic, let his Neck answer for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: ne-

uer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestic.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestic came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowlinesse: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes,

And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,

And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,

Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:

And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-

tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of

prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and disfections, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaughter'd French.

King. What Prisoners of good fort are taken,

Vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, Nephew to the King,

John Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchignault*:

Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,

Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,

And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead

One hundred twentie six: added to these,

Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,

Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.

So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,

There are but fiftene hundred Mercenaries:

The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

And Gentlemen of blood and qualitie.

The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,

Jaques of Chailion, Admirall of France,

The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,

Great Master of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,

John Duke of *Alanfon*, *Anthony* Duke of *Srabant*,

The Brother to the Duke of *Burgundie*,

And *Edward* Duke of *Barr*: of lustie Earles,

Grandpre and *Rouffie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,

Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrale*.

Here was a Royall fellowship of death.

Where is the number of our English dead?

Edward the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,

Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dany Gam* Esquire;

None else of name: and of all other men,

But fife and twentie.

O God, thy Arme was heere:

And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,

Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,

But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaille,

Was euer knowne to great and little losse?

On one part and on th' other, take it God,

For it is none but thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderful.

King. Come, goe me in proceffion to the Village:

And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,

To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,

Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestic, to tell how many is kill'd?

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:

Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,

The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:

And then to Callice, and to England then,

Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,

That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,

I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,

Which cannot in their huge and proper life,

Be here presented. Now we beare the King

Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there scene,

Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,

Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach

Pales in the flood; with Men, Wives, and Boyes,

Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,

Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,

Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,

And solemnly see him set on to London.

So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now

You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:

Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne

His bruised Helme, and his bended Sword

Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,

Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride;

Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Oftent,

Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,

In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought,

How London doth powre out her Citizens,

The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,

Like to the Senatours of th' antique Rome,

With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,

Goe forth and fetch their Conquering *Cesar* in:

As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,

Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,

As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,

Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;

How many would the peacefull Citie quit,

To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,

Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.

As yet the lamentation of the French

Inuites the King of England's stay at home:

The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,

To order peace betweene them: and omit

All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,

Till *Harry*es backe returne againe to France:

There must we bring him; and my selfe haue play'd

The interim, by remembring you 'tis past.

Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,

After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your

Leeke to day? *S. Davies* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore

in all things: I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine

Gower; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowfie, praggling

Knaue Pistol, which you and your selfe, and all the World,

know to be no better then a fellow, looke you now, of no

merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and

fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke:

it was in a place where I could not breed no contention

with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap

till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little

piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turkey-

cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-

cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistol*: you scurvie low-

fie *Knaue*, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base

Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatal Web? Hence;

I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I plesseech you heartily, scurvie lowfie *Knaue*, at

my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,

looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not

loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your

digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you

to eate it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*

Will you be so good, scauld *Knaue*, as eate it?

Pist. Base Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scauld *Knaue*, when Gods

will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and

eate your Victuals: come, there is lawce for it. You

call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make

you